A BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES

(Mother Goose's Melodies)

Newly arranged by CHARLES WELSH

D. C. HEATH & CO.

Emma Lee
from
Mother & Daddy -
July 15, 1920.

A Book of Nursery Rhymes

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Being Mother Goose's Melodies Arranged in the Order of Attractiveness and Interest

BY

CHARLES WELSH

Author of "A Life of John Newbery," "Notes on the History of Children s Books," "Publishing a Book," etc.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARA E. ATWOOD

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PREFACE

THE direct simplicity, dramatic imagination, and spontaneous humor of the rhymes and jingles of Mother Goose will probably never be excelled by any modern verse. They will for the most part doubtless remain for all time "the light literature of the infant scholar." Although some fragments of what has been written since the collection was first made may go to swell the volume of this inheritance from past ages, the selection of any permanent additions will be made finally by the mother and the child. The choice will be by no means a haphazard one, for it will be founded on psychological principles, on basal elements of human character, and it will, for the very same cause, be an absolutely autocratic choice.

Experience proved these old rhymes and jingles to be the best fitted for the awakening intelligence of the child. The "sound-sense," to which many of them appeal, satisfies that instinctive feeling for rhythm which children, even before they learn to speak, manifest in their tendency to duplicate syllables, which is so marked in what may be described as the "goo-goo" and "ga-ga" stage of speech development.

Mother Goose has for generations furnished a rich storehouse from which mothers have gratified the baby sense for "time-sound," or rhythm. This, combined

with the appeal to the imagination, evoking the sense of wonder all along the plane of the baby mind, accounts for the abiding place which these rhymes and jingles have in the literature of the nursery.

The present collection of the best known and most popular of these old-time favorites rests its claim for a place in the home and the school on the fact that here for the first time an attempt is made to group them in a natural and logical order. When they were originally collected by Newbery about 1765, they were not grouped at all, and it was not until Halliwell published his much larger collection in 1842 that any steps were taken towards arrangement. The classification of Halliwell, however, was made from the point of view of the student of folklore, and not from that of the needs of the child.

Now, however, that they have been promoted from the nursery to the school-room, some scheme of grouping them which may prove helpful alike to mother, nurse, kindergartner, and teacher would seem to be desirable. The French, justifying their proverb, "Ce qui n'est pas logique, n'est pas français," have for many years arranged their collections of children's rhymes and games in a kind of psychological sequence, following to some extent the mental development of the child. The Germans, too, with their love of orderly classification and arrangement, have done the same thing with much more minuteness, in which they have been followed by the folk of Holland; but our popular editions of English Nursery rhymes have for the most part been thrown together without any attempt at orderly or intelligent classification. They have been presented in the form of an *olla podrida*, and the excellence of its

ingredients has alone prevented it from being absolutely indigestible.

It will be seen from the present collection that not only do these rhymes and jingles fall naturally into the four great divisions of Mother Play, Mother Stories, Child Play, and Child Stories, but there is a logical order in which each section may be advantageously presented to the child, — an order which, by the way, the mother-instinct almost always finds out without any consciousness of following a law. The mother may generally be safely trusted to present these rhymes and jingles to the child in the natural order of the awakening of the child's interest and growing intelligence. She is not governed by the hardness of the words, the difficulty of the sentences, or any principle of grading which is attempted in school books or by school teachers. For there are certain of these rhymes and jingles which belong to certain periods of the child's progressing acquaintance with the world that lies about him from his infancy, just as certain foods and certain dress are necessary and suitable at different stages of his physical growth.

For example, the Mother-Play rhymes and jingles, which are generally accompanied by movements and gestures, and those which affect the child's own personality, — the parts of his body, etc., — infants sensibly appreciate and enjoy before they can talk, and it is but natural that they are among the first things which they repeat as they learn to talk. And so "Pat-a-cake" and "This Little Pig went to Market" are acted, and lullabies are crooned at this stage. After this personal interest children may become occupied with animals and their doings, first in relation to themselves and

then independently, and they will delight in "Ding Dong Bell," "Three Little Kittens," "I love Little Pussy," etc. Then, or at about the same time, they begin to take cognizance of the flight of time; and days and nights, months and years, sun, moon, and stars, the weather, etc., form appropriately the subject of the rhymes repeated to them. Other children and grown-up people in their relation to the child now begin to attract the awakening attention, and "Jack and Jill" and "Tom Tucker" will have a message for the little ones. Then plays, games, riddles, counting out rhymes, etc., come in natural order; and with his wider experience the child will appreciate the didactic rhymes, the rhyming alphabets, and the like, and will begin to store his memory with the proverbs, riddles, paradoxes, etc. Following out this idea, — proceeding from the simple to the complex, and keeping pace so far as may be with the order and progress of the mental development of the average child, — the rhymes and jingles have been classified and arranged in this volume, after considerable experiment and study, and conference with some of the foremost students of child psychology. The order may be found to vary sometimes according to the environment of particular children, but it is believed that it will be found to be, broadly speaking, the logical and natural order.

Such a book will, it is hoped, be welcomed in the nursery, in the kindergarten, and in the school room; for, without any attempt at a cast-iron grading, — which of course is impossible, — it relieves those who have the care of the little ones from the trouble of seeking for them the different kinds of material in the order in which they are ready for it. Some slight attempt has been

made, however, — though this is not insisted upon, nor has it been carried very far, — to arrange the rhymes and jingles in each section so as to follow the child's growing intellectual powers by beginning each division with the more simple and concrete rhymes, jingles, and stories, and gradually advancing to those which contain more complex and abstract ideas.

CHAS. WELSH

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Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!

A BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES

PART I
PERSONAL TO THE CHILD

MOTHER PLAY

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I do, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

THIS little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

BROW bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Knock at the door—peep in,
Lift up the latch—walk in.

EYE winker,
Tom Tinker,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Chin chopper.

HERE sits the Lord Mayor . *forehead.*
Here sit his two men . *eyes*
Here sits the cock. . . . *right cheek.*
Here sits the hen . . . *left cheek.*
Here sit the little chickens . *tip of nose.*
Here they run in . . . *mouth.*
Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper, chin! . . *chuck the chin.*

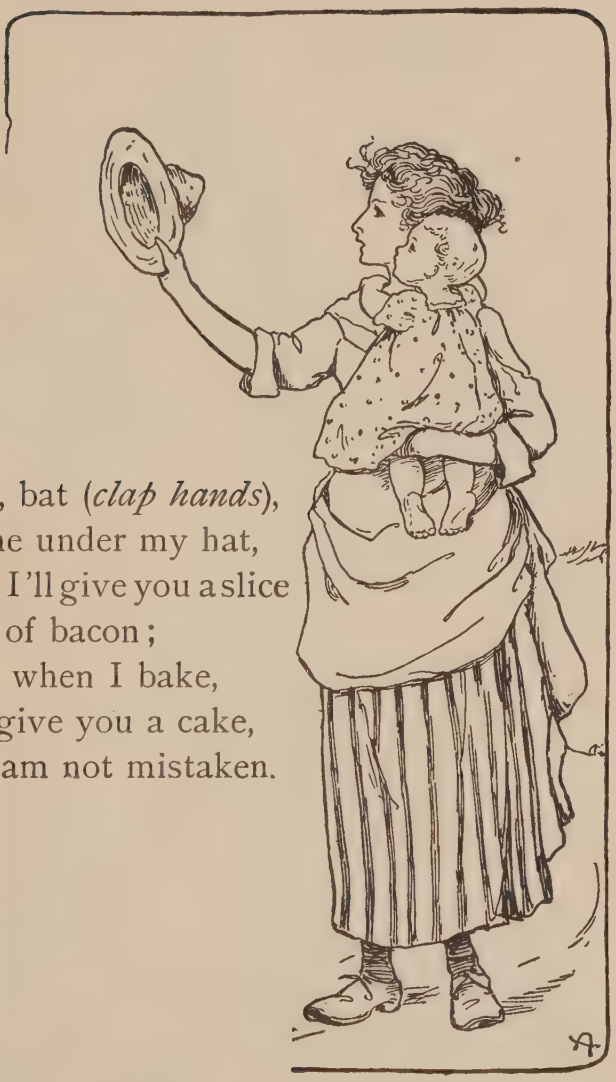
WARM, hands, warm, daddy's gone to
plough;
If you want to warm hands, warm hands
now.

[A finger play.]

THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one was named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
[*Keep the thumb in motion.*
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
[*All the fingers in motion.*
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
[*The thumb only moving.*
Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
[*Ditto.*
Dance, Foreman, dance,
[*The first finger moving.*
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
[*The whole moving.*
But Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman, he can dance alone.

And so on with the others—naming the second finger "Longman," the third finger "Ringman," and the fourth finger "Littleman." Littleman cannot dance alone.

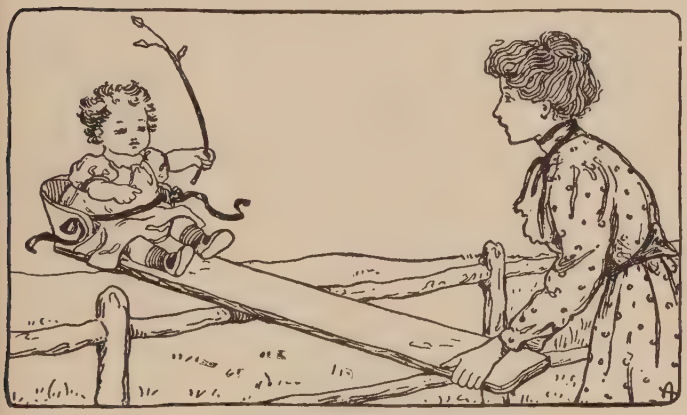


Bat, bat (*clap hands*),
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice
of bacon;
And when I bake,
I 'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

DANCY-diddlety-poppity-pin!
Have a new dress when summer comes in;
When summer goes out,
'T is all worn out,
Dancy-diddlety-poppity-pin!

"Is John Smith within?"
"Yes, that he is."
"Can he set a shoe?"
"Ay, marry, two;
Here a nail and there a
Tick, tack, too." [nail,

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
And she shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.



Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry chorus, ding, ding, ding!

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun;
Home again, come again,
Market is done.

To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,
Back again, back again, baby is late;
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Back again, back again, market is done.
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

See-saw sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to Boston town.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.
To see her grandmother,

HERE am I
Little jumping Joan;
When nobody 's with me,
I 'm always alone.

THIS is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

TICKLE ye, tickle ye in your hand,
If you laugh you are a man,
If you cry you are a baby,
If you dance you are a lady.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

A GOOD child, a good child,
As I suppose you be,
Never laughed nor smiled
At the tickling of your knee.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that 's what little boys are made of, made of.
What are little girls made of, made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that 's nice;
And that 's what little girls are made of, made of.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver bells
And pretty girls all of a-row.

Sugar and spice, and all that's nice.

HEY ding a ding,
what shall I sing?
How many holes in
a skimmer?
Four and twenty,—
I'm feeling quite
empty;
Pray, mamma, give
me some dinner.

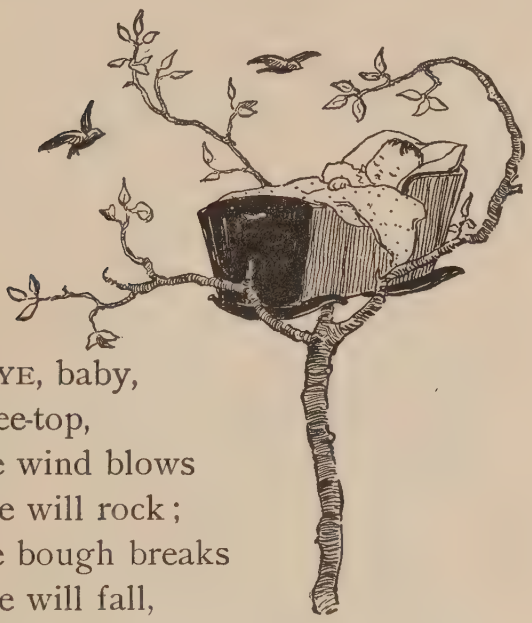
PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the
pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the
pot,
Nine days old.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a Queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for
the King.

HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

Bye, baby Bunting,
Daddy 's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap his baby Bunting **in.**

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John
Went to bed
With his stockings on;
One shoe off,
The other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John.



HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

GOOD night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

Ding, dong bell,
Pussy 's in the well!

Part II

ANIMALS AND THEIR DOINGS

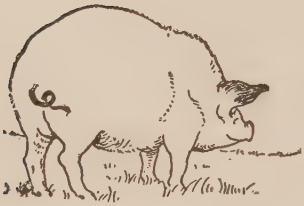
MOTHER STORIES

Ding, dong bell,
Pussy 's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

"Bow, wow,"
Says the dog;
"Mew, mew,"
Says the cat;

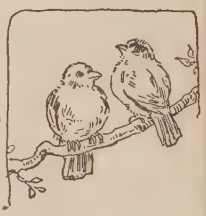
"Grunt, grunt,"
Goes the hog;



And "squeak,"
Goes the rat.

"Tu-whu,"
Says the owl;
"Caw, caw,"
Says the crow.

"Quack, quack,"
Says the duck;
And what sparrows
Say, you know.



So, with sparrows and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it 's well sung,
'T will be charming to hear.

A CAT came fiddling
Out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes
Under her arm;
She could sing nothing
But fiddle cum dee,
The mouse has married
The bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse:
We 'll have a wedding
At our good house.

Pussy-cat Mew
Jumped over a coal,

And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor pussy 's weeping, she 'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

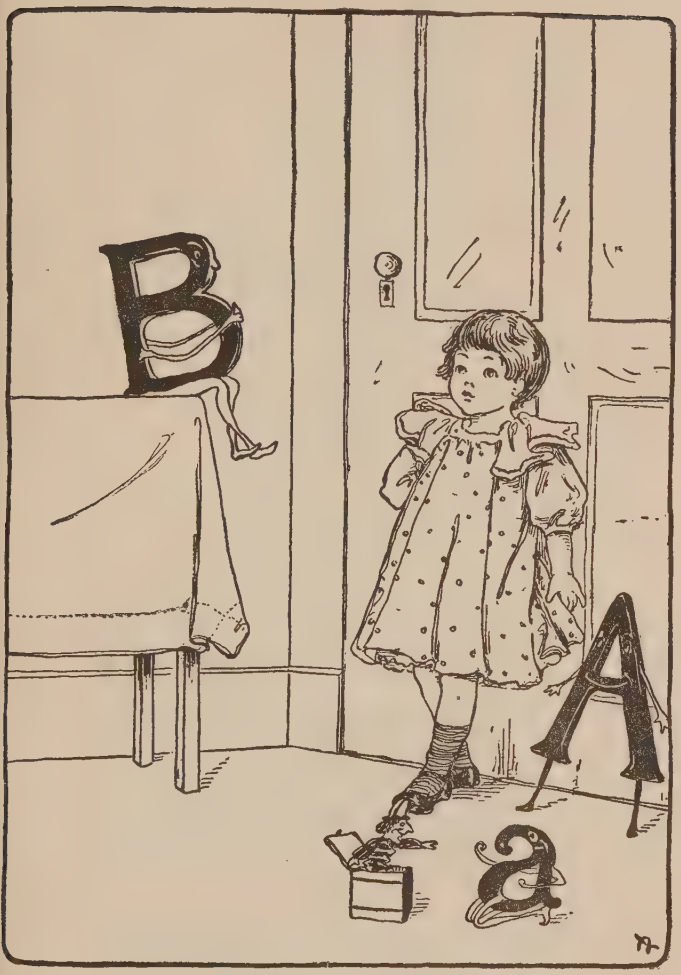
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty:
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
Half a crown
To fetch her down;
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

PUSSY-CAT sits by the fire;
How can she be fair?
In walks the little dog;
Says, "Pussy! are you there?
How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how d'ye do?"
"I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you!"

HEY! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

Dame Trot and her cat
Led a peaceable life,
When they were not troubled
With other folks' strife.
When Dame had her dinner
Near Pussy would wait,
And was sure to receive
A nice piece from her plate.

The two gray Kits
And the gray Kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Bolin.



GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat 's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

A, B, C, tumble-down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat 's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I 'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

Two little dogs
Sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal-dust;
Said one little dog
To the other little dog,
If you don't talk, why, I must.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump! he went over.

Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

There were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after,
And then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone
Was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

Cock Robin got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.

Pit, pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away;
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry-tree.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;

Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;

The Queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
When up came a blackbird,
And snapt off her nose.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin flew away.

Come hither, sweet Robin,
And not be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet Robin,
And pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to frighten you,
Poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty,
And drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs,
And don't mind me.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then,
Poor thing?

He 'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

HIGGLEDY piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Higgledy piggledy, my black hen!

THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'T is time to rise.

LITTLE Tom Twig bought a fine bow and arrow,
And what did he shoot? why, a poor little sparrow.
Oh, fie, little Tom! with your fine bow and arrow,
How cruel to shoot at a poor little sparrow!

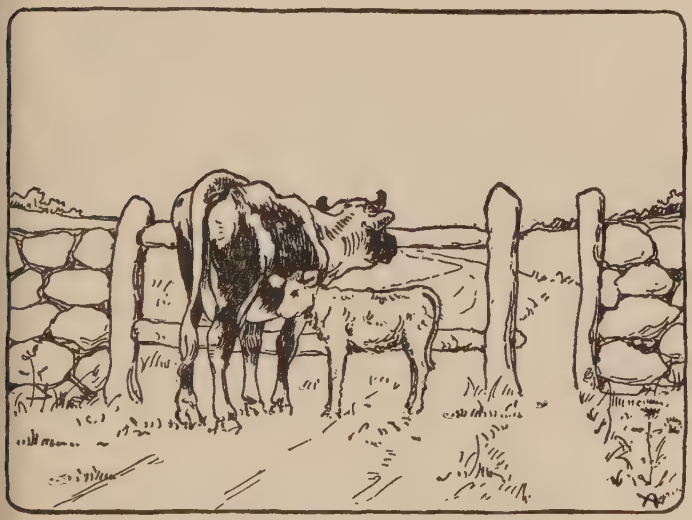
ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs; upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she 'd often sit,
To hear her own Canary.

Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

I had a little cow; Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song half.



I had a little cow;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song all!

JOHN HOBBS, John Hobbs
he had a grey mare . . Ha, ha, ha!
Her back stood up, and her
bones were bare . . . Ha, ha, ha!

John Cook was riding up
Shuter's bank . . . . Ha, ha, ha!
And there his nag did kick
and prank . . . . . Ha, ha, ha!

John Cook was riding up
Shuter's hill . . . . Ha, ha, ha!
His mare fell down, and she
made her will . . . . Ha, ha, ha!

The bridle and saddle were
laid on the shelf . . . Ha, ha, ha!
If you want any more you
may sing it yourself . . Ha, ha, ha!

UP hill spare me,
Down hill 'ware me,
On level ground spare me not,
And in the stable forget me not.

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare;
But let the little colt go bare.

SEE, see! what shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;

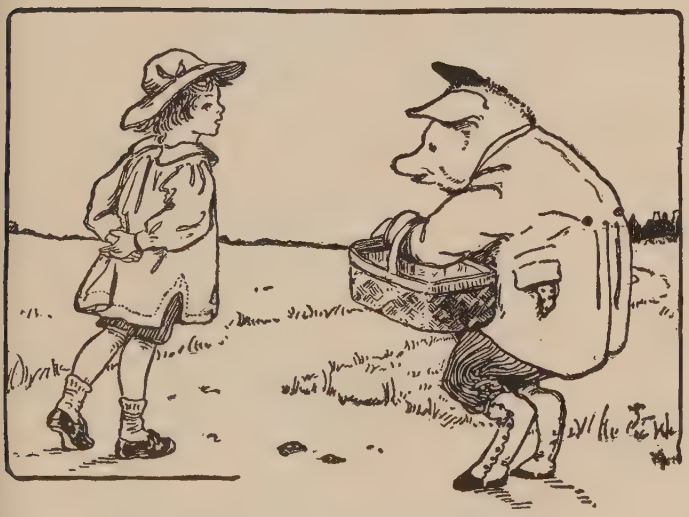
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

I LOST my mare in Lincoln Lane,
And could n't tell where to find her,
Till she came home both lame and blind,
With never a tail behind her.

I HAD a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple grey;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay

I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I 'll not sing my song again
Without another coat.

Shoe the colt,
Shoe the colt;
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.



Upon my word and honor,
As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

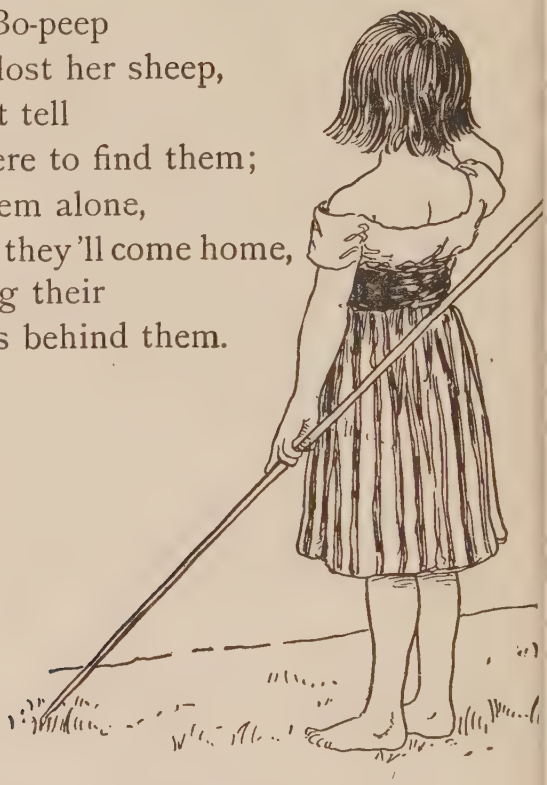
Betty Pringle had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big,
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he 's dead, and that 's all over.
So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died;
So there was an end of one, two, and three:
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy.

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

Betty Pringle had a little pig.

LITTLE Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell
Where to find them;
Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
And bring their
Tails behind them.



Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

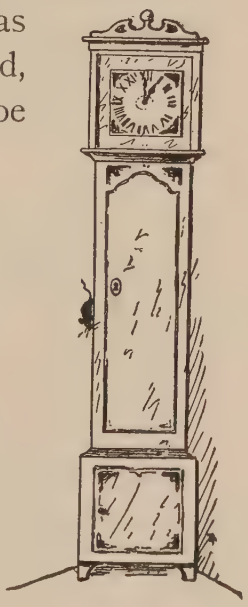
Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;

She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em!

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Unto a meadow hard by —
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as
a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be
properly placed.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the
clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.



Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

Young lambs to sell!
Young lambs to sell!
If I 'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry — Young lambs to sell!

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by and popped his head in;
"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no! kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

SNAIL, snail, put out your horn,
Then I 'll give you a barleycorn.

LADYBIRD, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Tell me when your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

FIDDLE-de-dee,
Fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the bumble-bee.
They went to the church and married was she, —
The fly has married the bumble-bee.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors
Went to kill a snail,
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail;

She put out her horns
Like a little Kyloe cow,

Run, tailors, run! or
She 'll kill you all e'en now.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife
Did you ever see such a thing in your life?
As three blind mice!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let her go again.

Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was
in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a
minute;
The cat saw him jump and run under the
table,
And the dog said, "Catch him, puss, as soon
as you 're able."

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?
I 've been to London
To look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Cat 's run away with the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
See here, see here
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soil'd our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you 're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by!"
"Hush, hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a rat close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was "fiddle, faddle, feedle."

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I 'll shoot you, silly bird."
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

Part III

OTHER CHILDREN; AND OTHER PEOPLE IN RELATION TO THE CHILD

MOTHER STORIES

Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

Simple Simon.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail!

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle

He went to catch a dicky bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt,
To put upon its tail.

He went for water with a sieve,
But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

When little Fred went to bed
He always said his prayers.
He kissed mamma and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

Cross-patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

The girl in the lane, that could n't speak plain,
Cried "Gobble, gobble, gobble:"
The man on the hill, that could n't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

"To bed! to bed!"
Says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy-sot;
"We 'll sup before we go."

CHARLEY wag,
Ate the pudding and left the bag.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating of Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a
crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught
a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house.

SEE-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.

Robin and Richard
Were two pretty men;
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the sky.
"Oh! brother Richard,
The sun 's very high."
You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I will come after on little Jack Nag

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?
And here 's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny has gone to the fair.
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue
ribbon
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Three wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;

Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she 's not gone,
She lives there still.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE runs
through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, cry-
ing through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds? now it's
eight o'clock."

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint-pot,
And then I bade him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him little garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his little nose.

I 'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory, —
And now my story 's begun.
I 'll tell you another
About his brother, —
And now my story is done.

TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other would n't stay, —
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

THE Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
All on a summer's day;

The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

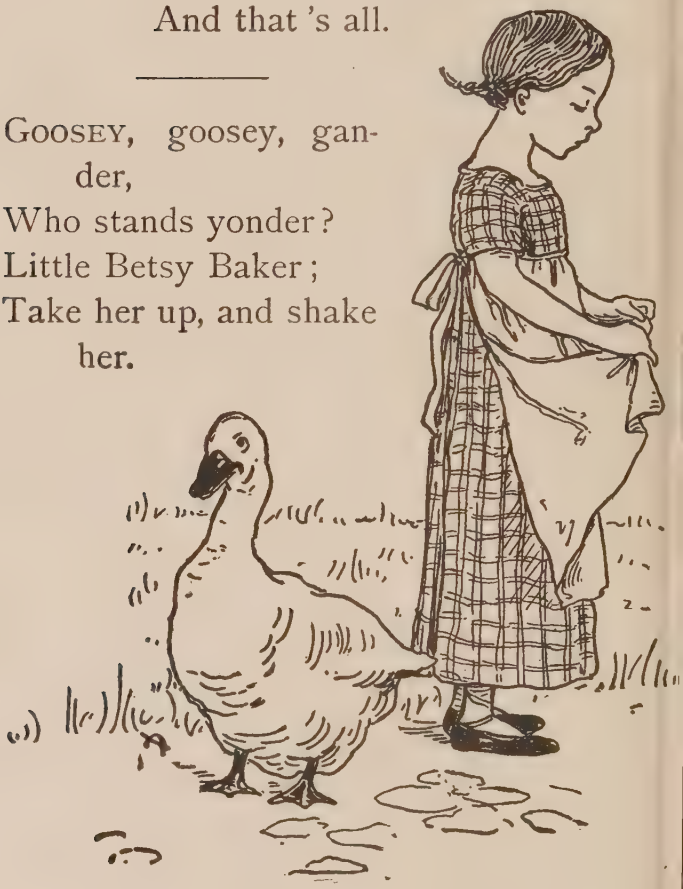
The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he 'd steal no more.

The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich:
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

I 'll sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any;
Put your hand in your purse,
You 'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that 's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that 's all.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Betsy Baker;
Take her up, and shake her.

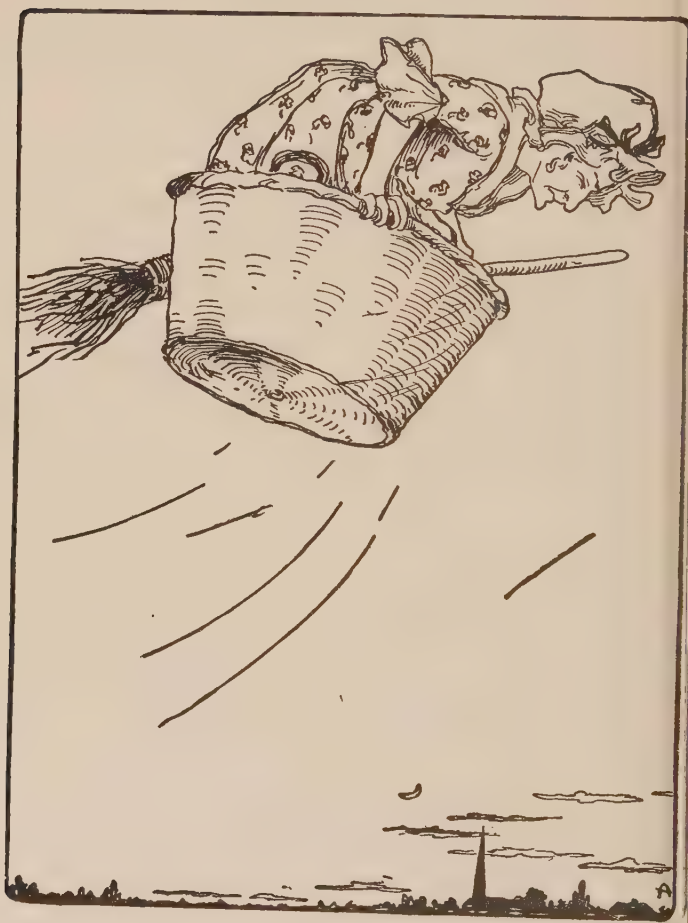


THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let 's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They 're all gone away.

WE 'RE all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon 's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.



THERE was an old woman tossed up in a
basket
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;

But where she was going, no mortal could
tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
said I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so
high?"
"I'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Ay, by and
by."

PETER WHITE will ne'er go right:
Would you know the reason
why?
He follows his nose where'er he
goes,
And that stands all awry.

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

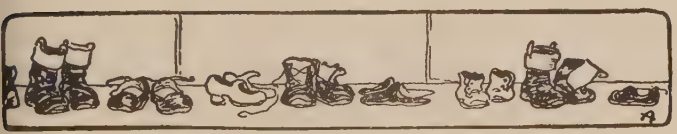
THERE was an old woman, and what do
you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and
drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her
diet;
And yet this old woman could never be
quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some
bread,
And when she came home her old husband
was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband
was well.

"LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you
been?"
"Gathering roses to give to the Queen."
"Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?"
"She gave me a diamond as big as my
shoe."

LUCY LOCKET lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

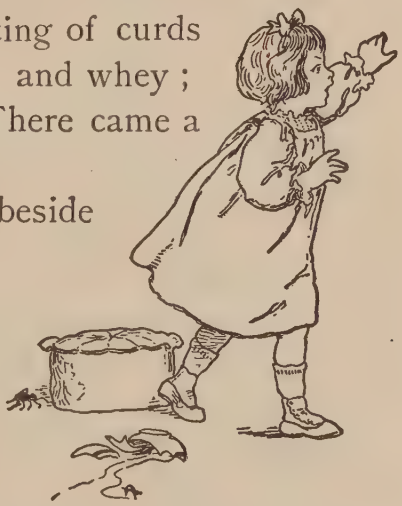
THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did n't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.



Little Polly Flinders,
Sat among the cinders,

Warming her pretty little toes;
Her mother came and caught her,
Whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.



JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I 'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You 're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

Needles and pins,
Needles and pins,
When a man marries
His trouble begins.

CURLY locks! curly locks! wilt thou be
mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed
the swine,

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

"LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?"
"Down in the forest to milk my cow."
"Shall I go with thee?" "No, not now;
When I send for thee, then come thou."

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN
Bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses:
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

THERE was a little man and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook, and saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he 'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was a swimming, with his curly tail,
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark!
He let off his gun, but he fired too soon;
And the drake flew away with a "Quack! quack! quack!"

Bobby Shaftoe 's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He 'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He 's my love for evermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Little Jack a Dandy
Wanted sugar-candy,
And fairly for it cried;
But little Billy Cook,
Who always reads his book,
Shall have a horse to ride.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has found
her shoe,

And master's found his fiddling-stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick
For dame and doodle doo.

My dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight!
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red,
Brought strawberry-leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song:
"Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

When I was a bachelor
I lived by myself;
And all the bread and cheese I got
I put upon the shelf.

The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To buy me a wife.

The streets were so bad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow,
Little wife and all.

HARK, hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in tags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

They that wash on Monday.

Part IV

DAYS AND NIGHTS, WEEKS AND MONTHS AND YEARS, TIME AND THE WEATHER, ETC.

MOTHER STORIES

They that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday,
Wash for very shame;
They that wash on Friday,
Must only wash in need;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Are lazy folks indeed.

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

HE that would thrive
Must rise at five;

He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Cock crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday.
Buried on Sunday,
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy!

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace.
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
And a child that's born on Christmas Day
Is fair and wise, good and gay.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, joy to-morrow.

As John and Jane
Walked through the lane,
One very pleasant Sunday,
Said John to Jane,
"Unless it rain,
To-morrow will be Monday."

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

In April's sweet month,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

A sunshiny shower,
Won't last half an hour.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that 's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

The fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn-tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

"Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?"
"At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang."

"WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if that I may."
"I'm going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help them to make the hay."

A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

BOUNCE BUCKRAM, velvet 's dear;
Christmas comes but once a year.

SING, song, the days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be whipped to-morrow.

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Charlie wants to play.

As the days grow longer
The storms grow stronger.

WHEN the days begin to lengthen
Then the cold begins to strengthen.

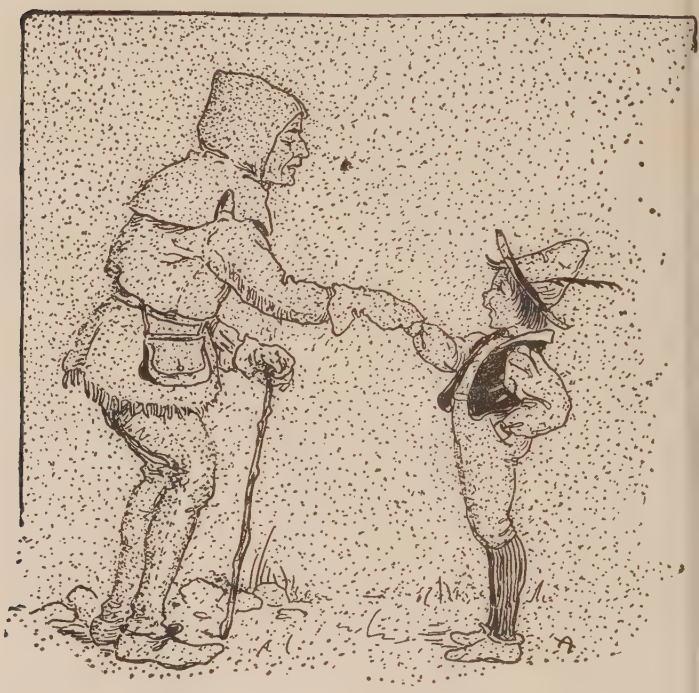
"WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?"

"They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon!"

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

EVENING red and morning gray
Sets the traveller on his way.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'T is good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.
When the wind is in the west,
Then 't is at the very best.



ONE misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

BRING the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh, and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

RAINBOW at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow in the morning,
Sailors, take warning.

ARTHUR O'BOWER has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land;
King of Scots with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.

Part V

PLAYS, GAMES, RIDDLES, COUNTING-OUT RHYMES, ETC.

CHILD PLAY

Here we go round the bramble-bush,
The bramble-bush, the bramble-bush;
Here we go round the bramble-bush,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes;
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way we dry our clothes,
Dry our clothes, dry our clothes;
This is the way we dry our clothes
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way we mend our shoes,
Mend our shoes, mend our shoes;
This is the way we mend our shoes,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way the ladies walk,
Ladies walk, ladies walk;
This is the way the ladies walk,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way the gentlemen walk,
Gentlemen walk, gentlemen walk;
This is the way the gentlemen walk,
On a cold and frosty morning!

"Girls and boys, come out to play"

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I 'll find flour,
And we 'll have a pudding in half an hour.

A child hides something in one hand, and then places both fists endways on each other, saying, —

HANDY-dandy riddledy ro,
Which will you have, high or low?

Or sometimes the following, —

Handy-dandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Which good hand will you have?

The party addressed either touches one hand, or guesses in which one the article (whatever it may be) is placed. If he guesses rightly, he wins its contents; if wrongly, he loses an equivalent.

HERE comes a poor woman from Baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake;
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the King;
Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Now we dance looby, looby, light;
Shake your right hand a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your right foot a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your right foot a little,
Shake your left foot a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your right foot a little,
Shake your left foot a little,
Shake your head a little,
And turn you round about.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town

"Bull's eyes and targets,"
Say the bells of St. Marg'rets.

"Brickbats and tiles,"
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

"Halfpence and farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

"Orange and lemons,"
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

"Pancakes and fritters,"
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

"Two sticks and an apple,"
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

"Old Father Baldpate,"
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

"You owe me ten shillings,"
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

"Pokers and tongs,"
Say the bells at St. John's.

"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

"Pray when will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.

"I am sure I don't know,"
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;

London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold may be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 't will last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

When a twister a-twisting would twist him a twist;
For twisting a twist, three twists he will twist,
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with the twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where 's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Apple-pie, pudding, and pancake,
All begin with A.

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still. *Teeth and gums.*

Black within and red without;
Four corners round about.
A chimney

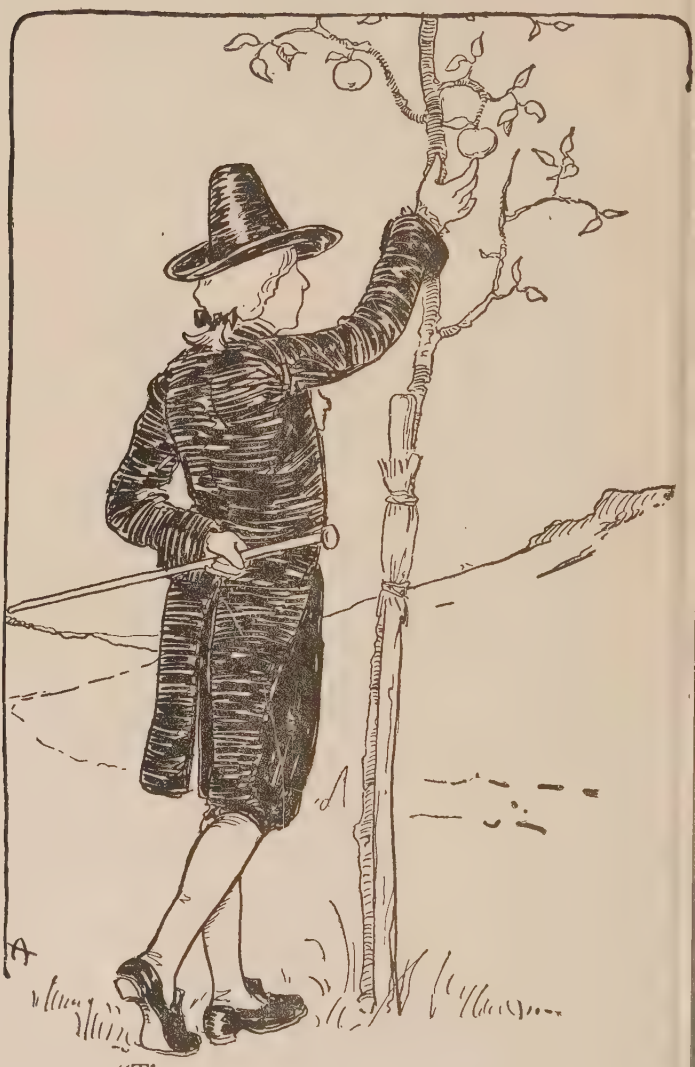
Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.
A candle.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the King's horses can't pull it up.
A well.

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.
Pair of tongs.

WHAT shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air,
Every customer takes two pair.

Blacksmith.



"There was a man who had no eyes"

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

PEASE-PORRIDGE hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me *that* without a P,
And a clever scholar you will be.

THOMAS A'TATTAMUS took two T's,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas A' Tattamus —
Tell me how many T's are in *that?*

IN marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

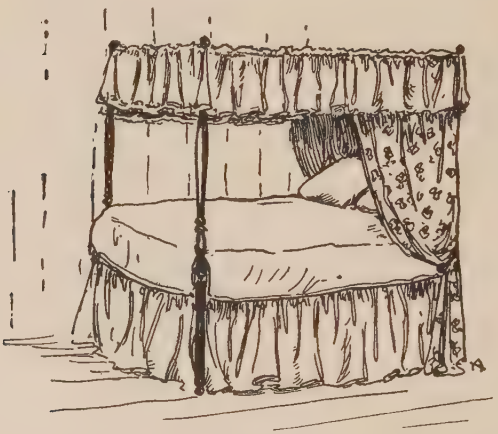
Egg.

BLACK we are, but much admired,
Men seek for us till they are tired,
We tire the horse but comfort man;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

Coal.

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be?

A star.



FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.

A bed.

DOWN in a dark dungeon I saw a brave knight,
All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight.
Gilt was his saddle, and bent was his bow;
Thrice I 've told you his name, and yet you don't know.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

An egg.

[Mind your stops.]

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true without deceit.

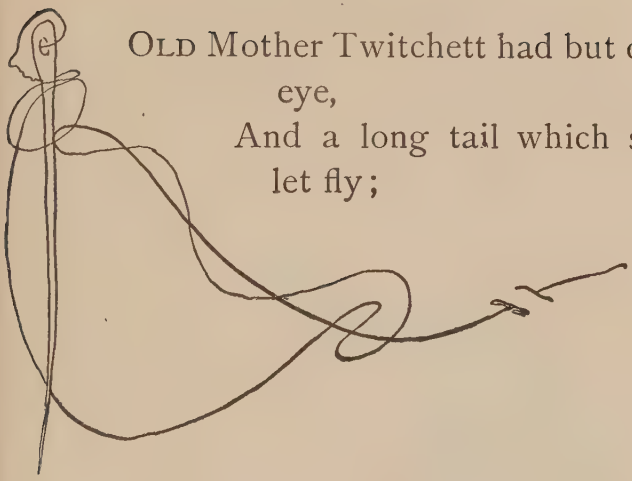
ELIZABETH, Elspeth,
Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together
to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest
with five eggs in,
They all took one,
and left four in.

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall,
And a green coat covers me all.

A walnut.

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat:
If you 'll tell me this riddle, I 'll give you a
groat.

A cherry.



Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;

And every time she went through a gap,
A bit of her tail she left in a trap.

A needle and thread.

If you touch Hitty Pitty,
Hitty Pitty will bite you.

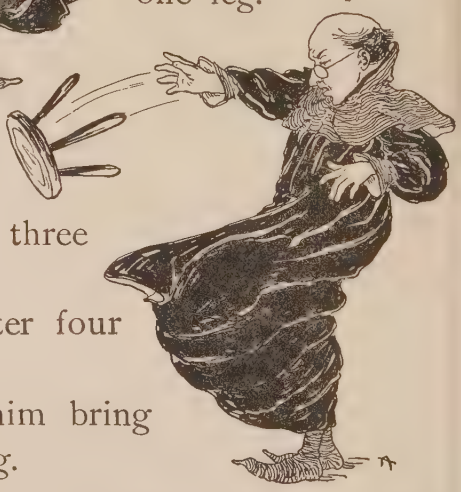
A nettle.

Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each knight took a pear,
And left eleven hanging there.

[To start a race.]

ONE to make ready,
And two to prepare;
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare.

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.



Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

One leg is a leg of mutton; two legs, a man; three legs, a stool; four legs, a dog.

My true love lives far from me,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.
Many a rich present he sends to me,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

He sent me a goose without a bone;
He sent me a cherry without a stone.
Petrum, &c.

He sent me a Bible no man could read;
He sent me a blanket without a thread.
Petrum, &c.

How could there be a goose without a bone?
How could there be a cherry without a stone?

Petrum, &c.

How could there be a Bible no man could read?
How could there be a blanket without a thread?

Petrum, &c.

When the goose is in the egg-shell, there is no bone;
When the cherry is in the blossom, there is no stone.

Petrum, &c.

When the Bible is in the press, no man it can read;
When the wool is on the sheep's back, there is no thread.

Petrum, &c.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Hinks minks. the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry;
Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Blind man can't see,
Every knave will have a slave,
You or I must be he.

Intery, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-u-t, and in again.

Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Eenie, meenie, minie, mo.

Old Mother Goose.

PART VI

STORIES, PROVERBS, PARADOXES, EXPERIENCE RHYMES, RHYMING ALPHABETS, ETC.

CHILD STORIES AND CHILD PLAY.

OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
"Here! mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They 'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched 'em in again.

Little Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell
"pie;"
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying,
"Oh, fie!"

And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell
"pie,"
Let him stand there so grim,
And no more about him,
For I wish him a very good-bye!

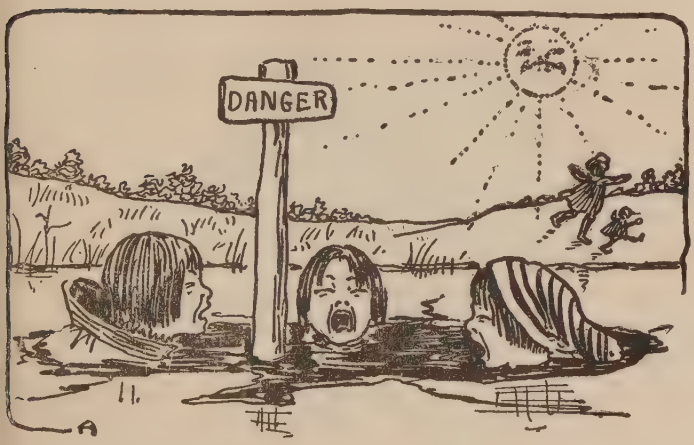
Hub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust that was the wall,
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes, you ne'er saw the like.

THREE children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,

Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.



You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

THE King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee," went the
fiddlers.

Oh, there 's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

If I 'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!
Old chairs to mend! Old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!"

If I 'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!
Old clothes to sell! Old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"

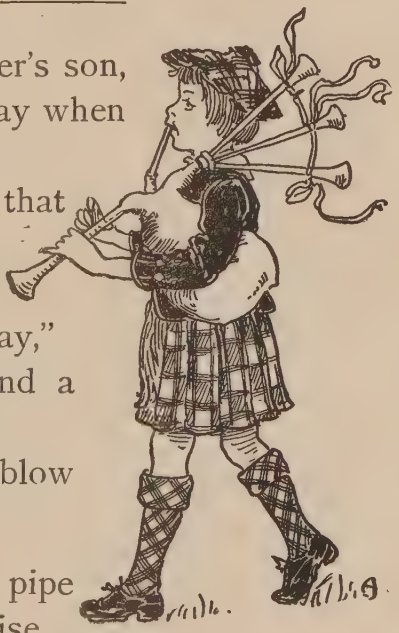
My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough.

I sold my six horses, and I bought me a
cow,
I 'd fain have made a fortune, but did not
know how.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I 'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the
best half.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney
corner sat.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down
my house.



Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when
he was young,
And all the tune that
he could play
Was, "Over the
hills and far away,"
Over the hills, and a
great way off,
And the wind will blow
my top-knot off.

Now, Tom with his pipe
made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance, —
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;

So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none,
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by—
I saw three ships come sailing by,
New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then —

Three pretty girls were in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and another could sing,
And the other could play on the violin —
Such joy was there at my wedding,
New Year's Day in the morning.

Oh that I was where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be, I cannot.

In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In time of adversity not one amongst twenty.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you 'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you 'll have all the day.

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
None are so blind as those that won't see.

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in:
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark
That all the house was pothered:
From it she raised up such a flame

As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you 'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old Nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind!

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;

I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

THERE were three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
All on a summer's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other said Nay;
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other said Nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o' 't cut away.

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!

He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!

His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!

His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

BRYAN O'LIN and his wife and wife's mother,
They all went over a bridge together:
The bridge was broken, and they all fell in;
"Here's a nice mess!" quoth Bryan O'Lin.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven,
eight,
Lay them
straight;

Nine, ten, a good fat hen;

Eleven,
twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen,
fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen,
sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.
Pray, dame, give me some supper.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

THERE was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

If "ifs" and "ands,"
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

COME when you're called,
Do what you 're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And never be chid.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

WHEN V and I together meet,
They make the number Six complete.
When I with V doth meet once more,
Then 't is they Two can make but Four
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

HE that hath it and will not keep it,
He that wanteth it and will not seek it,
He that drinketh and is not dry,
Shall want money, as well as I.

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;

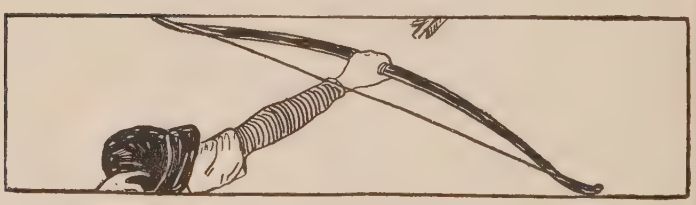
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eats it;
F fought for it;

G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;

S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and ampersand (&)
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

A, B, C, and D,
Pray, playmates, agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess.
W, X, and Y,
Will not quarrel or die.
Z, and ampersand,
Go to school at command.

[Tom Thumb's Alphabet.]



A was an Archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,

D was a Drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plough.

G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an Innkeeper, who loved to carouse,
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, who ruled in England,

L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, and hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Oyster man, and went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of good flip,

R was a Robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an Usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.

W was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.

A FOR the Ape that we saw at the fair;
B for a Blockhead, who ne'er shall go there;
C for a Cauliflower, white as a curd;

D for a Duck, a very good bird;
E for an Egg, good in pudding or pies;
F for a Farmer, rich, honest, and wise;
G for a Gentleman, void of all care;
H for the Hound that ran down the hare;

I for an Indian, sooty and dark;
K for the Keeper that looked to the park;
L for the Lark that soared in the air;
M for a Mole that ne'er could get there;
N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault;
O for an Otter, that ne'er could be caught;
P for a Pudding, stuck full of plums;

Q was for quartering it;
see, here he comes;
R for a Rook, that croaked
in the trees;
S for a Sailor, that ploughed the
deep seas;

T for a Top, that doth
prettily spin;
V for a Virgin of delicate
mien;
W for Wealth in gold, silver, and pence;
X for old Xenophon, noted for sense;
Y for a Yew, which forever is green;
Z for a Zebra, the oddest beast seen.

My story 's ended,
My spoon is bended:
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door
And get it mended.

Father Iohnson Nicholas Iohnson's Son—
Son Iohnson Nicholas Iohnson's Father.

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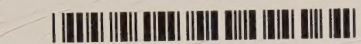

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